THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 91.

AFFECTATION.

NOTHING subjects a man to more frequent derision than the affectation of qualities which he is known not to possess; and yet so it is that men who are really valuable members of society and deserve reputation for acknowledged excellence, are frequently more desirous of gaining fame from a source too weak to produce it, and value themselves for acquirements they have not attained or qualities that lie beyond their reach.

Such is their avarice of praise that they would willingly carry it beyond its legitimate bounds, and having exhausted admiration where it was rightfully bestowed, are desirous of accumulating the quantity by changing the direction. Hence it is that we sometimes see the wise and learned civilian aiming at humour and wit, the dignified clergyman, whose talents range in the flowery paths of literature and taste, boasting with what facility he climbs the rugged mountain of mathematical science, and the able physician, who finds no rival in his professional pursuits, claiming more praise for his knowledge of harmony, and challenging attention for his skill in music. The author who has amused us by his playful and ingenious writings shrugs up his shoulders with a sneer at the applause they obtain, pretending his volume to be the momentary effusion of leisure, a mere relaxation from more grave and valuable labours; and the tragedian, who has delighted you for a whole season by his noble action and judicious manner, would lead you to believe he could be equally successful in the lower lines of comedy or farce, and raise the smile as freely as he caused the tear.

When, however, these little sins upon judgment are balanced by a well deserved reputation, they serve merely as a matter of amusement and are prevented from creating contempt by the dignity of the character to which they belong; but it is more frequently that we meet the same affectation without the same talents, and are disgusted with *assumptions* on one ground without *possessions* on another. The poor man, when to hide his poverty he affects to be wealthy; and the rich man, when to gratify his parsimony he affects to be poor, are, though not equally, subjects of contempt. The truth will be known in spite of exertions to hide it, and the only operation of this affectation is to make the parties to it a theme of ridicule and derision.

FLORIO married early in life and was considered a prudent and thriv-

ing young man: his business steadily pursued would have afforded him a genteel competency and enabled him to gratify every reasonable wish. His industry and his family increased, and every body who knew FLORIO was acquainted with his resources and with that active assiduity which made them productive.

A neighbour of more wealth or less prudence took a residence near the mansion of FLORIO, and by the profuse display of his riches drew the attention and regard which is too frequently and exclusively extended to wealth. The ambition of FLORIO was raised; he would aim at equal extravagance; his pride would not permit him to be thought inferior to his neighbour, and the ridiculous affectation of equalling in his profusion was the cause of an unnecessary and unpitied bankruptcy.

SERIOSUS affects to be a man of genius. You see him through the day careless of his person, idle, inattentive and negligent; he scorns the idea of being a student and would have you believe his intelligence is the natural result of the unassisted reflection of a strong and vigorous intellect. It is known, however, to the intimates of SERIOSUS that his naturally dull and plain understanding is polished only by patient and indefatigable industry in hours stolen from repose!

There is no affectation so general as that of style. In this money-loving country there is so much respect paid to wealth that whoever appears to possess it may be assured of esteem, and the easier way to acquire so necessary a reputation is to imitate the "*Birmingham gentleman*,"* and set up an equipage.

I was looking the other day from the windows of a country inn when a dashy young driver of a *tandem* gallopped into the yard. After those preliminary salutations, which show the good breeding and consequence of the gentleman, were exchanged with the hostler and the servants, his orders were dispatched to the landlord to send him for dinner a *pair of capons and a bottle of Madeira*. I was amused with this young son of fashion's bold affectation of immense importance, particularly as I knew my landlord's dung-hill fowls then crowing in the barn yard would be taken for capons, and his old Lisbon would have to assume the dignity of *London particular*. On enquiring the name of this sprig of the ton I found he was the son of a New-Hampshire farmer, had been three months in a store in Boston, had all his life time been acquainted with nothing more delicate than salt pork and cider, and could not on a bet of fifty to one tell the difference between Malaga and Champaign, Sherry or Madeira. E.

* *See Emerald, No.* 66, *p.* 368.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

Si voluimus, magna sæpe ex parvis intelligimus.

THE DEATH OF WINCESLAS, KING OF BOHEMIA.

From the French of Commingeois.

(CONCLUDED.)

DRAHOMIRE was not long in making choice of the means best calculated to accomplish her unnatural design, her revenge soon lead her to determine on a scheme, which unfortunately did not deceive her.

The wife of Boleslas had just given birth to a son, who as Winceslas was unmarried, was the heir apparent of his crown. Immediately one of the principal Lords of the court was sent to announce this

happy event to the new King; to say to him that Boleslas desired the young prince to be educated in the Christian religion and beg him to pay a visit to his court for the purpose of being present at the ceremony of baptism.

Virtue is seldom suspicious, Winceslas knew the value of a good conscience and never harboured a thought that it was possible for those whom he considered friends deliberately to contrive and execute a wicked design; he therefore threw himself headlong into the snare that was spread for him and complied with the wishes of the messenger to accept immediately his brother's invitation.

He was received with those manifestations of joy, which would have deceived him, had any suspicions entered into his mind. Boleslas advanced some distance with a most superb equipage to meet and conduct him to the palace, and Drahomire was waiting for him at the bottom of the staircase. This apparent condescension commanded the respect of her son; he flew towards her, and already flattered himself to have produced a reconciliation. Drahomire confirmed this idea by assuring him she should forget those misunderstandings, which had passed, and unite cordially in the general gratulations on an event which had produced such universal joy and reunited their families by the strictest bonds of union. —Winceslas surrendered himself to those tender sentiments which nature had inspired and divided with equal affection, his caresses between his mother and Boleslas. The palace resounded with the songs of hilarity and pleasure by which each one strove to demonstrate his joy at the arrival of the King, and this joy was so much the more vivid because it was sincere; for no one, was acquainted with the meditated attack on the King's life. The hour of supper arrived, and a place the most honourable was assigned to Winceslas between Drahomire and his brother. The repast was in a style the most sumptuous and was extended to a late hour of night.

Measures were well arranged for the object in view. The guests were insidiously intoxicated, except Drahomire and her two sons; for it was not possible by all their exertions to estrange the reason of the King. His manners were so regular and perfect, that no inducement could lead him to excess. At length when matters had arrived at the point they desired. "What satisfaction for me, said Drahomire with transport, is it to have again an opportunity to be witness of the glory of my darling Winceslas." At the same time she held out her hand to him and invited him to approach her, the unfortunate prince reached forward to receive on the bosom of his mother her proferred embrace, when at the instant, the perfidious Boleslas gave him two strokes in the back with his poignard. Winceslas perceived himself wounded and would have turned on his assailant, but the barbarous Drahomire confined his arms in her own. "Alas," said he, with the voice of death, "are those hands so dear to me raised against my life." Boleslas nevertheless enforced his strokes and the fratricide was accomplished without allowing to those who were present a moment for interference.

After this horrible crime the assassins betook themselves to the Kingdom of Bohemia, and recommenced the persecution of the Christians; every day was marked by a new crime. Hatred which is generated by different opinions in religion, is always implacable.

In the mean time the Emperor being informed of the assassination of Winceslas, whom he had loved with the affection which his virtues ought to inspire, resolved to take a signal revenge. He accordingly entered Bohemia with a formidable force. Boleslas made an attempt to secure the power his villany had gained, but he was beaten in every rencounter and forced finally to abandon the country, into which he was prohibited from entering until he had publikely demanded pardon for his crime, and thrown himself on the clemency of the Emperor, who among other things commanded him to repair all the evils he had done to the Christians.

The infamous Drahomire received likewise the punishment of her iniquity, and her unhappy exit appeared the peculiar vengeance of heaven.

This sanguinary fiend was riding near the city Prague, in a pass of the most craggy part of the mountain. A violent storm had gathered and was raging; the rolling of the thunder and the glare of the lightning gave fright to her horses, who in spite of the efforts of her servants to restrain them, precipitated themselves from the heights of the rocks and Drahomire perished in the shock without the possibility of receiving any assistance.

It is to be wished that crimes of so detestable a nature as those of Drahomire might always be punished with the same notoriety, for experience has made us acquainted with this melancholy truth, that the love of virtue has operated with less efficacy to make men honest, than the fear of punishment and shame.

BIOGRAPHY.

Selected for the Emerald.

MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

The course of genius is original and eccentric. It has no pursuit in common with low and humble capacities, no connexion with the inferior progeny of dulness and stupidity. Like the soul, its movements are to be determined only by the magnitude of its effects. On a humble foundation it often erects the most solid and magnificent buildings, and astonishes us by the wide contrast of its operations and its means. At the plough or in the work-shop it is alike bold and original; it breaks the fetters of custom, unravels the complexities of life, and exhibits its own strength wonderful and sublime.

Such genius was the prerogative of Bloomfield. Like Gifford, he has changed the work-bench for the author's desk, and substituted his own original strength of mind for the adventitious advantages of education. Of Bloomfield as a poet, correct scholars entertain various opinions; of the man, if the events narrated in the subsequent sketch be true, (and they came from a respectable source) one opinion only can be formed. The narrative of his early years is of necessity connected with the minute avocations of very humble life; but it must certainly be an object of interest and curiosity to learn the track that was pursued by a genius so original as Bloomfield. We introduce therefore to our readers the memoirs of his life.

Emerald.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was born December 3, 1766; his father, Mr. George Bloomfield, was a taylor, at Honington, a village between Euston and Troston, and about eight miles N. E. of Bury. Of six children, Robert was the youngest, and before his infant days had witnessed the four seasons of the year, his father died. Hence we hear him sing,

"Twas thus with *Giles*: meek, *fatherless*, and poor."

His mother was a school-mistress, and instructed her own children in company with the others. From her maternal care did our poet learn to read as soon almost as he could speak. Though left a widow, with so large a family, Mrs. Bloomfield, by prudent management, and a little aid from friends, was enabled to procure her orphans an education somewhat beyond the limits of a village school-mistress. Robert was, accordingly, sent to Mr. Rodwell, of Ixworth, than whom no man in his sphere was more justly respected. Here he remained about three months, his principal attention being devoted to the improvement of his writing. At the end of this short period, he was taken from school, and never afterwards received any farther teaching, except from his mother.

When he had attained his seventh year, his mother married again, and by a second husband, John Glover, she had another family.

At the age of eleven Robert was taken into the service of Mr. W. Austin, of Sapiston, a village adjoining to Honington; Mr. Austin had married our poet's aunt, on the mother's side; and, from a generous regard to the child, consented to take him into his house, instead of paying him eighteenpence per week, the usual salary of boys employed in the first and humble offices of a farm. Thus did "*The meek, fatherless, and poor*" little Robert become a *farmer's boy*, while his mother was relieved from every other expence, on his account, except that of providing him a few clothes; and even this, so humble were her circumstances, she found some difficulty in accomplishing. The treatment of Mr. Austin towards Robert differed in no respect from that to the other servants, and his conduct to them was exactly the same as towards his own children, of whom he had no less than fourteen; they all worked hard, and all lived well.

Here he remained about four years, when the still lowly circumstances of his mother induced her to write for assistance to two of his brothers, namely, George and Nathaniel, then in London, and in her letter she mentioned, that Robert was so small of his age that it was the opinion of his uncle Austin, he would never be likely to procure his living by hard labour.

The brothers immediately consulted upon this, and the result was, that George, the eldest, who was a shoemaker, wrote back to his mother, with a proposal to take Robert; to keep him, and teach him his own business, while Nathaniel undertook to find him in clothes. Judging this to be a good proposal, his mother accepted it, took coach, and with the tender solicitude of maternal fondness, accompanied her son to London; being, as she said, unwilling to commit her tender charge to the care of a stranger. Mr. George Bloomfield met them at the inn.

Mrs. Bloomfield was a religious woman, of the English church, and had early implanted in the minds of her children a sense of christian duties.

Never did a son of the *Muses* enter a great city in circumstances more inauspicious than did young Bloomfield, and never was one conducted to a dwelling less adapted to inspire poetry, or to keep alive the lambent flame of youthful genius, than that wherein he was received. But he had imbibed in the pure field and rich scenery of Nature, that which neither the foul atmosphere of a great city, nor the murky dwellings of its poor inhabitants could extinguish.

The lodging of his brother George, in which he was now doomed to reside, was at a Mr. Simms's, No. 7, Pitcher's Court, Bell Alley, Coleman Street. "It is customary," says Mr G. Bloomfield, in his letter to Mr. Lofft, "in such houses as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets, fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert!" Such was the first town reception of Robert Bloomfield.

The lodgers were all single men, paying each a shilling a week. Their beds were extremely coarse and far from clean—far different from the wholesome cleanliness of the farm at Sapiston. Little Robert was here, in consequence of his youth and inexperience, the humblest of the humble. He fetched the dinner of his fellow lodgers from the cook's shop and every other errand that was wanted; for which, in return, they all assisted him in his work, and instructed him in his business; his particular branch being that of ladies' shoemaking. Every day, when the boy from the public-house came for the pots,

he used to bring the newspaper of the preceding day. To read this it had formerly been the rule for each of the shop-mates to perform by turns, but now it became the daily task of Robert, his time being of the least value. This duty called forth all the learning of our little villager.

On returning home one Sunday evening from the country, where he, with his brother George, had been ranging the whole day, they accidentally entered a dissenting chapel, in the Old Jewry, where a minister, named Fawcet* was lecturing. The eloquence and animation of this gentleman filled Robert, who had never witnessed the like before with astonishment and delight. The house was amazingly crowded with the genteelest people; and, though they were forced to stand still in the aisle and were much pressed, yet so interested was Robert in the lecturer, that every future Sunday he was punctual in his attendance on him, and derived much advantage from his eloquence.

Sometimes the two brothers attended a debating society, then held at Coachmakers'-hall, but which, with several others, have for some time past been prohibited by government; and now and then they spent an evening at Covent Garden Theatre. These were all the opportunities that Robert, at that time, had of improving himself from public speakers. His reading at this period was confined to the History of England, the British Traveller, and a Geographical Dictionary. These were taken in weekly, at sixpence a number, and the hours devoted by other boys to play, were spent in reading through these works, which our Poet considered as a task of necessity rather than of amusement; but, shortly, another literary production came into his hands, namely, the London Magazine, in which work at least two sheets are set apart for a review. This review instantly attracted the mind of Robert; he read it with the most eager and sanguine curiosity, and was most anxious to learn what was passing in the literary world, and what were the merits of the respective publications. Next to the Reviews, poet's corner engaged his attention, and, like the native songsters of the grove, he no sooner heard the notes of others, than, emulous to join the harmonic choir, he began, with conscious sweetness, to warble forth his own. Among others, he composed the following song, which, to the surprise of his brother, he one day repeated to him.

THE MILK-MAID.

On the First of May.

HAIL May! lovely May! how replenish'd my pails,
The young dawn overspreads the east streak'd with gold!
My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,
And COLIN's voice rings through the woods from the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,
Whose blue, misty summits first glow with the sun,
See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends
To join the glad sports—Hark! the tumult's begun.

Be cloudless, ye skies!—Be my COLIN but there,
Not dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale, [ly appear
Nor morning's first blush can more lovely
Than his looks, since my wishes I could not conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts to move,
We'll count joys to come, and exchange vows of truth,
And, haply, when age cools the transports of love,
Decry, like good folks, the vain pleasures of Youth.

His brother George, however strongly he might himself feel the merit of this little pastoral, was desirous of obtaining a more impartial testimony than that of his own judgment. He, therefore, advised Robert to send this juvenile effort to the editor of the newspaper which they read, who, to the credit of his poetical taste, gave it an insertion. Several others, which are now lost and forgotten, were also sent and printed. Thus, in reading and composing, did he employ his hours of interval, and soon obtained such a share of knowledge, that, as his brother ingenuously confesses, he, with his fellow workmen in the garret, began to derive instruction from him, though not more than sixteen years old.

(To be Continued.)

* *Author of an admired Poem on War.*

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

DESCARTES.

It has been brilliantly remarked that Descartes, a slave to the theory of climate, feared that the warmth of the atmosphere in France would too much exalt his imagination and disturb that temperate state of the mind necessary for philosophical studies. He therefore took refuge from the scene in Holland. But all the frost of the northern climates could never render his own imagination tepid; the visionary would have dreampt on a pillow of snow.

The following lines on STATUES are worth transcribing:

——Nor passing years, nor fire, nor sword.
Have yet availed such BEAUTY to annul.
Even Gods themselves, their mimic forms admire,
And wish their own were equal to be feigned.
Nor e'er could Nature Deities create,
With such a countenance as MAN HAS GIVEN [own!
To these fair STATUES, creature of his
Worship they claim, tho' more from HUMAN ART,
Than from THEIR OWN DIVINITY ador'd.

I cannot cease to be astonished, in considering in what manner, the immense crowd of people, who throng a great city, provide for themselves. They all eat something, and sleep somewhere, but God knows how, or when!

A good enough sort of a man, is of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has ballanced so exactly through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged, or disobliged, any one. He has neither friend, nor foe, in the world, but were he to break his neck to night, no human creature, would either feel sorrow, or satisfaction!

Of the French author RABELAIS a monk relates, that he was put in pace, that is, between four walls, with bread and water, in his convent, for some unlucky action; and was redeemed out of it by the learned Andrew Tiraqueau, then lieutenant-general (that is, chief judge) of the bailywick of Fontenay le Comte; and, by tradition, it is saidin that town, that on a day when the country people used to resort to the convent's church to address their prayers and pay their offerings to the image of St. Francis, which stood in a place somewhat dark near the porch, Rabelais, to ridicule their superstition, privately removed the saint's image, and placed himself in its room, having first disguised himself: but at last, too much pleased with the awkward worship which was paid him, he could not forbear laughing, and made some motion; which being observed by his gaping, staring worshippers, they cried out, "Miracle! My good lord St. Francis moves!" Upon which an old crafty knave of a friar, who knew stone and the virtue of St. Francis too well to expect this should be true, drawing near, scared our sham-saint out of his hole; and, having caused him to be seized, the rest of the fraternity, with their knotty cords on his bare back, soon made him know he was not made of stone, and wish he had been as hard as the image, or senseless as was the saint; nay turned into the very image of which he lately was the representation.

Some scholars having occasioned an extraordinay disorder in *Montpellier*, Anthony du Prat, cardinal, archbishop of Sens, then lord chancellor

of France, upon complaint made of it, caused the university to be deprived of part of its privileges. Upon this, none was thought fitter to be sent to Paris to solicit their restitution than RABELAIS who, by his wit, learning and eloquence, as also by the friends which they had purchased him at court, seemed capable to obtain any thing. When he came to Paris about it, the difficulty lay in gaining audience of the chancellor, who was so incensed, that he refused to hear any thing in behalf of the university of Montpellier. So Rabelais, having vainly tried to be admitted, at last put on his red gown and doctor's cap (some say, a green gown and a long grey beard) and thus accoutred, came to the chancellor's palace on St. Austin's key; but the porter and some other servants mistook him for a madman: So Rabelais having, in a peremptory tone, been asked there who he was, let his impertinent querist know, that he was the gentleman who usually had the honour to flea bull-calves; and that, if he had a mind to be first flead, he had best make haste and strip immediately. Then being asked some other questions, he answered in Latin, which the other understanding not, one of the chancellor's officers that could speak that tongue was brought, who addressing himself to our doctor in Latin, was answered by him in Greek, which the other understanding as little as the first did Latin, a third was fetched who could speak Greek; but he no sooner spoke in that language to Rabelais, but was answered by him in Hebrew; and one, who understood Hebrew, being with much difficulty procured, Rabelais spoke to him in Syriac: Thus having exhausted all the learning of the family, the chancellor, who was told, that there was a merry fool at his gate who had out-done every one, not only in languages, but in smartness of repartees, ordered him to be brought in. It was a little before dinner. Then Rabelais, shifting the farcical scene into one more serious, addressed himself to the chancellor with much respect, and having first made his excuse for his forced buffoonery, in a most eloquent and learned speech, so effectually pleaded the cause of his university, that the chancellor, at once ravished and persuaded, not only promised the restitution of the abolished privileges, but made the doctor sit down at table with him as a particular mark of his esteem.

Rabelais being at Paris, and more careful of himself than of his mule, had trusted it to the care of the printer's men, desiring them at least not to let it want water. But he having perhaps forgot to make them drink, they also easily, though uncharitably, forgot the poor brute. At three days' end the creature having drank as little water as its master, a young unlucky boy took a fancy to get on its back, even like the miller's daughter, without a saddle; another truant scholar begged to get behind him, so did a third and eke a fourth. Thus these four being mounted like Aymond's four sons a horseback on a mule, without bridle or halter, the real and living emblem of folly, the grave animal walked leisurely down St. James's-street, till it came near a church, towards which it moved drawn by the magnetic virtue of the water, which it smelt at a considerable distance, in the holy water pot, which is always near the porch. And in vain our four riders kicked and called; in spite of them the headstrong thirsty beast made up to the holy element; and though the church was almost full of people, being Sunday and sermon-time

notwithstanding all opposition, the bold monster dipped its saucy snout in the sanctified cistern. The people that were near it were not a little amazed at the impudence of that sacrilegious animal, deservedly cursed with sterility, though it were but for this one crime; many took him for a spectrum that bore some souls, formerly heretical, but now penitent, that came to seek the sweet refrigeratory of the saints, out of the more than hellish flames of purgatory. So the unconcerned mule took a swinging draught of holy liquor, yet did not like it so well, there being always salt in it, as to take a second dose; but, having somewhat allayed its raging thirst, modesly withdrew, with her two brace of youngsters. However, the thing did not end thus; for the brute was seized, and Rabelais, being thought none of the greatest admirers of the Romish fopperies, was shrewdly suspected of having laid the design of that scandalous adventure. Nor was the rude fourlegged Johannes Caballus released out of the pound, till its master had dearly paid for its drink.

Theodorus Beza, de Francisco Rabelæsio.

Qui sic Nugatur, tractantem ut seria vincat,
Seria cum faciet, dic rogo quantus erit?

ANACREON MOORE.

A very able and judicious review of the literary character and writings of Anacreon Moore appeared in La Belle Assemblée in which the manner and indecency of his poems are severely, but truthfully, delineated. The reviewer commences with the following extract.

An Italian geographer, speaking of the characteristic qualities of the several nations in Europe, says, with equal justice and ingenuity, that "the English are distinguished as a nation by a manly understanding, or that mental quality which in their own language, they call good sense. This good sense, (continues he) has occasionally risen to that energy which constitutes genius, but never dilates into sentiment. Hence the English writers are good moralists, sound philosophers, good satirists, good epic writers, excellent in their characteristic comedy, and admirable in their tragedies, but they have no Ariosto in fancy, no Petrarch in love. Love, as a muse, does not exist in England, and the poet would be ridiculous amongst his countrymen who should pretend its inspiration."

DR. COULTHURST.

Some time ago, the mode of appointing fellows, or, at least, of examining candidates for some particular fellowships, was made the subject of controversy in a certain college, and the dispute furnished matter for much conversation in the university. One day, when this affair was discussed in a mixed company, a gentleman present observed, that if a certain way of proceeding, to which he had been objecting, was adopted, he could not conceive what criterion there would be left of merit.—"An illiterate and worthless man (continued he) may be chosen fellow, while a man of learning and worth may be set aside." A gentleman of much learning and humour, who was of the party, (Dr. Coulthurst) replied, "There is nothing new in this matter,"

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow." *Pope.*

WHO THE GENTLEMAN IS.

Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, in a work written by him intituled, "The Commonwealth of England," thus defines a gentleman: "Ordinarily (says he) the king doth only make knights, and create barons or high degrees; for as for gentlemen they be made good cheape in England; for whosoever studieth in the laws of the realme, who studieth in the

universities, who professeth liberal sciences; and, to be short, who can live idely, and without manual labour, and well beare the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, hee shall be called *master* (for that is the title men give to esquires and other gentlemen;) and shall be taken for a gentleman."

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

The following observations, though partially true, speak the prejudice of the country to which the writer belongs.

In naval architecture, the Americans have made the greatest progress. Their vessels, for beauty, symmetry of proportion, and swiftness of sailing, are outdone by those of no other nation, in so much that a vast number of them are built for sale to other nations; but they certainly are not equal to British ships for durability. A person who had worked upon timber for upwards of forty years assured me that there was to be found in all American timber a quantity of sand, which never failed in a very few strokes of the best plane, to turn its edge totally; this sand, he was convinced from experience, (although he knew not enough of the physiology of a tree to account for its being there, or of its effects) must be the occasion of the timber's rotting so soon as it did, notwithstanding he had frequently covered it with every kind of varnish in common use. This defect, therefore, in American vessels should be imputed to the materials, and not to the workmen.

A FELLOW being lately brought before a magistrate in Dublin, on a charge of an assault, candidly acknowledged that he had a *hand* in *kicking* the plaintiff down stairs.

The first printed article of the new burial society at Manchester runs thus, "whereas, many persons find it difficult to *bury themselves*."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF A GIRL ROMANTICALLY IN LOVE.

"*But, oh! there wants to crown my happiness,*
Life of my empire, treasure of my soul!"

I have noted an anecdote say Kotzebue, which is said to hav happened very recently, and which will touch the feelings of most o my readers, as it did mine.

She was playing on her harpsi chord, and her lover used often t accompany her on the harp; h died, and his harp had remained i her room. After the first access o despair, she sunk into the deepe melancholy; and much time elapse ere she could sit down to her in strument. At last she did so, gav some touches, and, hark! the harp tuned alike, resounded in echo The good girl was at first seize with a secret shuddering, but soo felt a kind of soft melancholy. Sh thought herself firmly persuade that the spirit of her lover was sofil sweeping the strings of the instru ment.

The harpsichord, from this m ment, constituted her only pleasur as it alone afforded her the joyf certainty that her lover was s hovering about her. One of th unfeeling men, who want to kn and clear up every thing, once e tered her apartment; the girl i stantly begged him to be quiet. that very moment the dear ha spoke most distinctly. Being i formed of the amiable illusion whi overcame her reason, he laughe and, with a great display of lear ing, proved to her, by experiment physics, that all this was very natu al. From that instant the maid grew melancholy, drooped, and so after died.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

TO M*****A.

Low lovely summer's evening sky,
Suffus'd with clustering roses!
How mild, yet radient to the eye,
The rays her star discloses!

Yet lovelier to my ardent view,
Thy cheek with blushes teeming;
And sweeter far thine eyes of blue,
With life and pleasure beaming.

I sought thy smiles with ardour warm,
All ruling love impelling,
And fondly thought so fair a form,
Was surely pity's dwelling.

And hope, to sooth my fears to rest,
My fate more firmly sealing,
Would say, there glowed within your breast,
A sympathetic feeling.

And I embrace her every wile,
With fervent love's devotion,
Alas! I trusted to the smile,
The treacherous smile of ocean.

Ah hither turn, my love, nor fly,
Base falsehood words believing,
With friendship's garb she cheats your eye,
Thine artless heart deceiving.

Has venom'd malice then the power,
To touch my heart with anguish?
So surely winter nips the flower,
And loves to see it languish.

Then turn not those dear eyes away;
Ah suffer hope to borrow,
A beam, to gild the gloomy day,
And cheer the night of morrow.

SADI.

The following stanzas to DERMODY *are necessary to introduce this Reply, which combines some of the sweetest sentiments of affectionate kindness in a novel measure, and with the wildest charms of original poetry.*

STANZAS,

By a young lady—addressed

"To Him who will best understand them," but communicated to the author.

By the first sigh that o'er thy lip did hover,
And sweetly breath'd a secret, sweeter still;
By thy reproachful glance, thou mock reprover!
The speechless transport, and th vaunted thrill;
By thy well-feign'd despair, and fancied sorrow;
The sudden languor, and the transient glow;
By all those wiles thou know'st from Love to borrow;
And all the charms that from the Graces flow;
By the soft murmurs of thy soothing tongue;
By all thy looks have told, or smiles exprest;
By all thou fondly swor'st, or said, or sung;
By all the arts thou aimest at my breast;
By the warm tear of love, (delusive trembler!)
Thou know'st to conjure to thy dang'rous eye;
And by that dang'rous eye, thou arch Dissembler,
I still am free, and Love and Thee, defy!
For not thy faultless form, or native grace,
While barren of the mental beam divine,
Unmark'd by one soft, sentimental trace,
Can wound an heart, or win a soul like mine.

THE REPLY.

Tho' sweeter than the Saint's expiring slumbers,
Harmonious Sorceress! thy numbers flow;
And tho', full well, o'er those insidious numbers
Expression breathes her animated glow,
Ah me! beneath the myrtle-leaves, that cover
Thy golden lyre, the willow lurks malign;
The myrtle-leaves may deck thy favor'd lover,
Less happy Youth! the willow must be mine.

Yet why dissolve that dream of chasten'd pleasure,
Which, erst so fair, deceiv'd my doating eye?
Why rob me of my heart's last, little treasure?
A tear unnotic'd, and unpitied sigh!

Why, tho' thy tender vow exalt another,
May not my rapt imagination rove
Beyond the solemn softness of a brother,
And live upon thy radiant looks of love?

Disrob'd of those gay, fascinating graces,
Which Fancy o'er its fond idea streams,
The Sylphid-shape, in vain, Remembrance traces,
How cold, how cruel, my ANTHEMOE seems!

Oh! by that lip, where melting kisses cluster;
By the clear polish of that pensive brow;
And by that deep-blue eye's delicious lustre,
Whose delicate reproaches daunt me now;

While I, more fervid than fraternal duty,
Think in thy genius I behold my own,
Let not the Muse, who nurs'd thy infant beauty,
That beauty, truant from her breast, bemoan!

Ah! surely, of celestial growth, the flowers
That bloom'd so brightly o'er our early scene;
For tho' the sunny scene was dash'd with showers,
How glorious was the glitt'ring space between!

Young Innocence, array'd in guiltless blushes,
Would then, preside o'er each delightful prank;
Wild-laughing, wreathe her mimic crown of rushes,
And pluck her jewels from the lillied bank;

Now, sterner cares impel, of big Ambition;
The glare of Beauty, and the din of Praise;
And (Nature quite disown'd,) that playful vision,
Is but the vision of departed days.

Yes! let the world to all its joys receive thee,
I, too, will labour for the meed of Fame;
Form'd as thou art, its shews cannot deceive thee,
Thy conscious heart must ever be the same.

'Mid the mad waves of Life's inconstant ocean
My solitary skiff shall, vent'rous, steer;
And Mem'ry, smiling at the dread commotion,
Paint on each cloud Affection's harbour near.

Thy gilded bark, o'er the glad billow bounding,
Ætesian gales shall smoothly bear along
And sighing crowds, its beauteous freight surrounding,
Salute thy splendid progress with song;

While thou dost to the choral flatt'ry listen,
More gently sooth'd by melancholy bliss,
Perchance, thy meek, averted eye, may glisten
O'er some neglected verse—sincere as this.

EPIGRAM.

ON AN EMINENT SCOTCH POET AND BARBER.

Says Ramsay to Phœbus, my lord, must tell ye,
The fame that you lend us, fills body's belly;
'Tis a diet like gruel, scarce keeps alive,
On which fifty grow lean, for a doz who thrive;
Our bays, though immortal, and laur to boot,
Will scarce give us credit enough f
The satires we write are esteem'd as dirt,
And a tragedy hardly will buy us a sh
Our songs and our sonnets are val less high,
Which a hundred will hum, for a co who buy.
Since, therefore, our plays, our epist and odes,
Neither find us provisions, nor fur abodes,
Your poet's request, you no longer Of a little more wealth, and a little fame!
If I turn a mechanic, let rhyming al
And part with the muse for razor hone;
And finding your promises courtly vain,
Retrieve with my hand, what I've by my brain.

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